THE HUNTRESS

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*—JEFFERSON.

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SELECTED.

THE DESERTED CHATEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH.

On a cold and cheerless evening in the Autumn of 1816, as the notary of Vendome was preparing to retire to rest, a carriage drove hastily up to his door and word was brought him, that the Comtess de Merset desired his immediate attendance at La Grande Beteche. She was not expected to live through the night, and had just received extreme unction at the hands of her confessor. Rumor said the countesse and her lord had been living together in a most singular manner during the past six months. They gave admittance to none, and the comtesse resided entirely in her own suit of apartments at one end of the mansion, while the comte confined himself to the other. But a short time before that at which the notary was summoned to attend, the death bed of the comtesse, the Comte de Merset had suddenly left the chateau and gone to Paris, where, after leading a life, it was asserted, of great excess he had lately died. On the day of his departure the countesse had caused the chateau to be almost entirely dismantled, most of the furniture, pictures and tapestry burnt, or otherwise destroyed, and from that moment had secluded herself within its walls, never emerging from them but to attend mass in the neighboring church. She refused admittance to all who either from interest or curiosity, called upon her, her doors being opened to her confessor alone, whose visits were said to be long and frequent. It was whispered among the gossips of this town, that she was also much changed in appearance, but through the impenetrable black veil she wore when attending mass, the curious vainly strove to ascertain whether this rumor was well or unfounded.

While still in the pride of her youth and loveliness, and one of the richest heiress in Vendome, the Comte de Merset had been fortunate enough to gain her hand. The world had constantly spoken of them as of ill matched and unhappy couple though it was hinted the husband's affection was of rather jealous tendency; but this might or might not be the fact, as it was not easily susceptible of proof, and the gentle and engaging manners of the lovely countesse won all hearts. The sudden change that had lately taken place in her conduct had not failed to raise many conjectures as to its cause and by some madness had been assigned as a sufficient explanation. She was now dying, and no one had even heard she was ill, for she had herself refused all medical aid feeling perhaps her state too hopeless to allow of human assistance proving of any avail.

It was near midnight when the notary reached La Grande Breteche, and ascended its dark and lofty staircase Passing through various large and desolate apartments, wholly deprived of furniture or of the appearance of being inhabited—cold, damped and cheerless, around which the light held by the attendant brew a deeper shade, he at length reached the state chamber, where lay the dying comtesse, stretched on a bed whose rich satin hangings and dark waving plumes shed so deep a gloom it was some time before the eye rested upon its tenant One strong ray of light however, from a lamp placed on a small table near her, on which also stood an ivory and ebony crucifix, fell upon the white pillows that supported her pale form. The rest of the furniture in the apartment consisted only of a couch for the confidential attendance and two large fauteuils. Though the night was chilly and tempestuous, there was no fire on the wide hearth, and the walls hung with dark arras, the gloom was unbroken.

On approaching the bed, the notary nearly started at the sight of the spectral figure within. The comtesse was sitting almost upright, supported by pillows, her large, dark glazing eyes, immoveably fixing in their sockets, seemed already those of the dead, her face was of the hue of a waxen image, her fine black hair, parted across her pale, damp brow, was in parts intermingled with gray, though her years did not exceed thirty, and her hands were painfully shrivelled, the skin was stretched tightly over the bones, and the veins and muscles distinctly visible. Her whole form thin to emaciation, still bore the traces of, past beauty, although it was almost impossible to imagine how any human creature could retain life in so frail a tenement. She was worn to a shadow by fever —fever which had struck directly at the root of her existence. Her lips were of a pale violet color, and when she spoke they scarcely moved sufficient show that they had life, and the upper one which was beautiful was marked by the soft, dark shade which is the sign of a naturally strong constitution, and forcibly showed the intensity of the sufferings through which she must have passed, before arriving at the state of artificial existence now so near the period of its termination. The notary, in the course of his profession, had seen many dying persons, but their expiring agonies, nay, even the tears and despair of whole sorrowing families, had failed making the impression upon him which the sight of that lady, alone and perishing to the silence of her vast and deserted chateau, had done on this fearful night. The whole scene lay before his eyes like a picture of the dead, for not a living sound interrupted the awful stillness of the respiration of the place even of the expiring comtesse was so low as to be inaudible, and stirred not the sheet which covered her scarcely animated form. At length her large, glassy eyes moved, she made an effort to raise her right hand but it fell again powerless on the coverlid; words like faint breathings issued from her lips for her voice was soundless and extinct.

'I have waited long and impatiently for you,' she said, and a faint flush passed over her cheek with the effort to address him.

Lady, the notary began, but she made a sign to him to be silent at the same moment her attendant hastily arose from her chair, and, approaching him, whispered, 'speak not.'

The notary obeyed, and placed himself on the seat she motioned him to take. A few moments after Madame de Merset, collecting her powers for one last effort, succeeded in getting her hand underneath her pillow. For an instant, she paused exhausted —then, with another violent exertion, withdrew from it a sealed packet, large drops stood upon her brow, as she feebly addressed her attentive listener.

'I confide to you my will,' she said, and a low cry, feeble as that of a new born infants burst from her lips at these words.

'O, my God! pardon! she murmured, snatching a crucifix which lay beside her, and, carrying it rapidly to her lips expired

Previously there had been suffering and intense sorrow in her eye, but her last look was one of joy and the bright expression remained fixed on her countenance after death.

When the will was opened, it was found that the Comptesse de Mens had nominated the notary of Vendome her executore leaving all her large property with the exception of a few legacies to the Hospitable of Vendome. His dispositions with regard to La Grande Breteche were very particular, and excited much surprise. The chatau and all its appurtenances were to be left, for the space of 50 years from the day of her death, exactly in the same state in which they then were. All the apartments were to be strictly shut up, and no person whatever allowed to enter them upon any pretext—no repairs to be permitted either about the chateau or gardens, but all was to be suffered to fall into the natural state of decay, which so long a period as that named would not fail to bring upon them. If at the end of the term, the wishes of the testatrix should have been strictly complied with La Grande Betrche was to become the property of his heirs forever, should they, however, have been neglected it reverted to the comptesse's next heirs at law who as well as the notary were charged with the fulfilment of certain dispositions annexed in a codicil, the seal of which was not to be broken till the expiration of the above space of time.

Many years passed away, and with them much of the interest and curiosity excited by the description which the notary failed not to give of the Comptesse de Merset's death bed, her strange testament, and the subsequent decay and ruin of her once beautiful chateau. At length an incident occurred, which, by throwing some light on her mysterious history, revived, in some degree the curiosity of the public. A priest belonging to a neighboring monastery had been summoned to shrive a dying woman of the name of Rosalie Lebas, when a strange and fearful secret was revealed to him, and an account of which was found among his papers at his death, a short time after by the superior of his convent. The following are the facts which were thus elicited.

About 6 months prior to her death, the Comtesse de Merset, having been seriously indisposed, occupied a separate suite of apartments from the compte, at La Grande Breteche. Her sleeping room looked out upon the river, and had sash windows opening upon the lawn, which sloped pleasantly towards its banks. Within this apartment was a small recess with a glass door, which served as an oratory it was about 4 feet square, and constructed within to the thickness of the wall. On the night in question, by one of those strange fatalities for which there is explanation, the compte returned home two hours later than usual, from a club where he usually spent his evenings in reading the papers or discussing politics. The invasion of France had formed the leading topic of conversation, and the subject for a long and animated discussion, after which, being already excited by argument, the comte had lost a considerable sum at billiards. On returning home, he usually satisfied himself, for some time past by asking the comtesse's attendant, Rosalie if her lady were retired to rest, ere he proceeded to his own apartments—but on this night it occurred to him he would visit her himself, that he might recount his ill-luck. Accordingly, instead summoning Rosalie, he proceeded directly to the chamber of the comptesse. His well known step resounded along the corridor, and, at the instant he turned the handle of the door, he fancied that he heard that of the oratory within closed suddenly—but when he entered the apartment he saw Madame de Merset standing before the hearth, on which smouldered the embers of a half extinguished fire. It immediately occurred to him it must have been Rosalie who went into the oratory, from which, however, there was no egress from the comtesse' apartments. Yet a suspicion of a darker nature, nevertheless, crossed his imagination, like a sudden flash of dazzled light, which could not be extinguished. He looked fixedly on his wife, and there seemed a troubled expression in her eye as she avoided his searching glance.

You are late to-night, she said, and there was a slight tremor in her voice, usually so clear and musical.

The compte did reply, for at that instant, as if to strengthen the horrid thoughts that possessed his secret soul, Rosalie entered the room. Turning abruptly from her he folded his arms moodily across his breast and impetuously but mechanically paced the apartment.

You are ill my lord, I fear—or bring you evil tidings? gently inquired the comptesse' as Rosalie proceeded to undress her. But he still continued silent, You may retire, added Madame de Merset to her attendant, for she forsaw something more than usual was gathering on the disturbed brow of her lord, and she wished to meet him alone.

As soon as Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be so, for she took care to remain within hearing, M de Merset approached his lady, and said, coldly, with an attempt at serenity, though his lips trembled and his whole face was pale with emotion 'Some one is concealed within that oratory.'

The comptesse looked calmly, and somewhat proudly at her husband, and simply answered, 'No, my lord.'

That no smote like a knife across his heart, for he dared not believe her, and yet never had she seemed more pure to him than at that moment. He was advancing a step towards the door of the oratory, as if to convince himself, when the comptesse, placing her hand around his arm, arrested him and looking at him for a moment with an expression of deep melancholy, said, in a voice which trembled with emotion—

Should you find no one there, remember, all must be at an end between us, forever!

And there was an ineffable dignity in her look and manner, which awed the compte's suspicions, and made him pause in his purpose.

No, Josephine, he exclaimed, I open not the door, as, guilty or innocent we then must part. But listen, I know all the purity of heart, and the sanctity of the life thou leadest. Thou wouldst not commit a mortal sin at the expense of thy soul!—She looked at him wildly. Here is thy crucifix; take it—swear to me, before that image, that there is no one there, and *I* will never seek to enter,

The comptesse took the crucifix, and murmured, I swear.

'Louder,' said her husband, and repeat, 'I swear before the virgin that there is no one concealed within that oratory.

And she repeated the words of the oath without any visible emotion.

'Tis well, M de Merset coldly said—then added after a moment's silence—his eye resting upon the crucifix she had just laid down, which was of ebony and silver, and of exquisite workmanship—

'You have something there which I never saw before, or knew that you possessed.'

I met with it accidentally at Duviver's who bought it of one of the Spanish prisoners of war, when they passed through Vendome on their way to the frontier.

Ah! said the compte, replacing the crucifix on its gilt nail over the chimney piece, in doing which at the same moment, he rang the bell. Rosalie came immediately. M de Merset advanced to meet her, and, leading her into the embrasure of the window which opened upon the lawn, abruptly, and in an under tone, said, *I* understand that poverty alone prevents your union with Philipe, and that you have declared your intention not to become his wife until he shall have found the means of establishing himself in his business as a mason.—Now, mark me—go seek him—bring him hither with his tools. Let him do what I desire, and his fortune shall surpass your utmost wishes. But take especial care to wake no one besides himself in the house. Above all, let not a word escape your lips—a whisper, and'—his brow darkened as he looked menacingly upon her—she was about to leave the room to obey his orders when he added, 'Hold—take my passe par out.' He then called Louis, in a voice of thunder, along the corridor. Louis, his confidential servant, appeared at the hasty summons of his master, who added, in the same tone of authority, 'get you all to bed'. Then, making a sign for him to approach nearer, and lowering his voice, 'When they shall be all asleep—ASLEEP, mind, you come and inform me of it.'

During none of these extraordinary arrangements had the comte once lost sight of his lady—and, when he had finished giving his orders, he returned to where she was seated by the fireside.

When Rosalie entered the room, she found the comte and comtesse converse together, to all appearance mechanically.

'Phillipe is here, monsieur,' said Rosalie.

'Tis well' answered her master—'by him enter.'

The comtesse grew slightly pale on hearing the mason.

'Phillipe,' said the comte, 'you will find

(Continued on page 8d)

WASHINGTON CITY.
SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1843.

☞THE HUNTRESS.☜

We thank our unknown friend (for such we deem him) most gratefully for his kind attention to our interest, in pointing out to us the many errors he found in the last Huntress.

The fact happened thus: The paper was set up by little boys, and growing impatient for the proof to be read through, they commenced pressing off, and 12 or 14 sheets of the advertising page were worked off before they got the proof; and fearing we might fall short, we directed Mrs. Stack, our friend, to put them in her basket, but on no account to mix them, or hand one out without stating the fact. We shall be more careful in future, and pray our friend to be assured of our best wishes for his happiness.

THE WAR PARTY.

'Hanged if we can do anything but listen to the Belligerents. It is so amusing we find nothing equal to it in any of the new publications. It ought to be dramatised—it would make a firstrate comedy scarcely a day passes but discharges of shells and rockets and hot shot are hissing between the Capitoland West End. It reminds one of the Dorr War its forerunn.

But the Globe seems to lag poor fellow, fine suppers and heavy plate won't save him although his courage is unquestionable. But his troops! His troops! They are deserting, him let who will be the CÆSAR, he bids fair to be the MARK ANTONY, of the present struggle, between the prole on the one hand, and despotism on the other. Governer Porter of Pennsylvania, has gone over to the enemy. As the Globe, calls the Tyler party. This is the hardest cut of all.

Then there are more bribery cases in N. J.! Pa! and Ohio! Bad luck in Rhode Island! An ill wind is South Carolina! Out! "What will become of us" desertion all round.

And then there is COL. JOHNSON Ex-Vice President and GEN. L. CASS, Ex-minister,! not having the fear of the Globe before their eyes, have stood forth on their own merits, at the call of their friends for the Presidency. The Globe is dumb, on the subject not a word does it breath pro, nor con.

Time was when these gentlemen were the polar star of the Globe and no men stood higher. or more deservidly so than they did. But they are no favorites of Col. BENTON. There lies the rub.

We are not a little astonished at this silence it is uncourteous. But some allowance must be made for our friend Mr. Blair who is shorely troubled in mind.

Here is still more of it! Desertion in Tennessee.

"The Nashville Whig of the 30th ultimo, mentions that a rumor was current there that J. G. Harris, esq., editor of the Nashville Union, had been appointed commercial agent at Trieste."—GLOBE.

There is another Renegade, true Democracy is aground fast. All it wants is money, to put it a float, and all that ever kepted it a float was MONEY. Like monk christianity, it is a money speculation, pursued by those who hate work and honesty, and love power, a Steam Engine or a regiment of cattle or any other thing has as much claim to the NAME of Democracy, a man who wishes to deceive always takes a name the farthest removed from the game he intends to play.

Democracy, as we have often observed, is a form of government such as Athens, where the people themselves made the laws They voted en masse, directly, for such laws as they thought proper, NOT for PERSONS, to make laws, as we do. They had no checks, nor balances, as in our government, which is a REPUBLIC, NOT a DEMOCRACY. In a Democracy the people legislate themselves, and for themselves. In a Republic the people elect men to legislate for them, such as ours.

Hence our House of Representatives, Senate, and President—and the same form of a Republic exists in all the States, which form the Federal Government, and are called United States. The first never let the supreme power go out of their hands. In a Republic the people delegate—or intrust the supreme power for a time to men whom they select by votes.

Those Democracy men talk much of Jefferson-Democracy. We lived in those days and never heard any distinction but "Republicans" and "Federalists."

But the men who constructed our Government—the purest perhaps in the world—took care not to leave the elective franchise to the will of unprincipled men. A strong guard was provided for its protection in the CONSTITUTION. which secures to every citizen an EQUALITY of rights and immunities. But Democracy says No! You are ENEMIES, RENEGADES, BANK MEN, TRAITORS, COONS, REPTILES, LIARS, &c. Denouncing EVERY act of EVERY man differing from them in opinion, all under his Sovereign Majesty, DEMOCRACY. What does it mean? Where did it come from? Who introduced it into this country? Why was it introduced? By the way, we think this same Democracy is a sly knave. The word DEMOCRACY is NOT FOUND IN THE CONSTITUTION! Neither is "PARTY!" And our opinion is, that those who introduced this new distinction, had some motive inimical to the liberty of the Republic. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Jefferson, in his Inaugural Address, "We are all Federalists—we are all Republicans."—Which of his pretended followers will say he same? Nowt it is all "Democracy, Democracy."

Nothing however grieves the Globe editors so much, as the loss of the Post Office influence. This was the sheet anchor of the spoils party. Hence his bitterness against Mr. Hill with certain sly bits at the Post Master Gen." Well who is to blame for this? The Globe and its friends set the example. They used the Post office with its host of Postmasters! contractors, and agents, to carry out their "Democracy" plans why should not the Tyler democracy imitate them can that be wrong in another which the Globe party practiced themselves?

HON. ISAAC HILL.

After all "his perfidy in dividing or "carrying off" the Globe men, Mr. Isaac will be disappointed so says a friend of Mr. B, in a Democracy letter from N. H. the following is the amount of it.

"We are further told "THAT IT WILL BE *healed ere long, as to all public matters; that, as to candidates for the Presidency, we are all united to abide by the decision of a national convention.*

This comes from a source which satisfies us that the little disarray produced by HILL'S perfidy and imposture in the Democratic ranks, will disappear by the next election. A few corrupt mercenaries like himself, purchased by the Administration patronage, will join the enemies of Democracy"—GLOBE.

These Democracy men do not agree so well. It is wonderous strange.

To rebut this the Madisonian says.

☞"Blair says that John Tyler has no friends but mercenaries, and they of the lowest sort. Well, if John Tyler has no friends, what in the world do you make such a pother about him for? Alas, poor Blair!"

There is reason in that. "He that says ye should not steal, &c &c. doest thou steal"

BUYING UP EDITORS.

The incidents above reminds us of a deffered article on this subject, commenced in a former paper. If we should seem to bear hard upon our friend Mr. Blair. We beg him to recollect that we are of no party, and it is not that we "love Cæsar less, but because we love Rome more" we put no FAITH in NAMES, we judge of the tree by the fruit. To a man robbed of his money it matters not whether the robbers name be Tom Dick or Harry, and the same if he receive a domation or legacy. But we are talking of editors.

Almost every Jackson Van-Buren-Editor, (as they were called during the great Democracy harvest) was made a Postmaster. that was ONE way of buying up. a nine out of ten were sure to prove defaulters, and keep what money he had. As he was a Democracy man, all was kept quiet.

Another way of buying up. was to give them an office until the Treasury was spent and Congress called to furnish Treasury Notes. Great secrecy was observed in this business; and one of them, Mr. BRADFORD of Virginia, a Democratic Editor, was in the Treasury Department nearly two years before we knew it. Being an old acquaintance, we called to see him. Guess our astonishment to find him face to face in the same room with McClintic Young, Esq. Chief Clerk of the Department—a thing never known before. Doubtless put there by the Globe & Co. as a spy upon Messrs Woodbury and Young—and from the place where he sat, no one could go into Mr. Woodbury's room without being seen and heard by him.

He was not long in the office before he took the command, and no clerk could be put out, or admitted, without his knowledge and consent.* Of course, he being a BENTON-MAN, he held (under him) unlimited power—Col. B. being hardly ever absent from the "Democracy Head-Quarters."

Besides, from fourteen to eighteen hundred dollars per annum for the two, or perhaps THREE last years of his services, every clerk admitted to office, had to pay him—so it is said—a certain sum.

He was not too good to do any thing. Though once a fine looking man, easy and genteel in his manners, he now was distant—had the countenance of an assassin, with a deadly pale color.

He was amongst the first clerks General Harrison turned out. He is rich in right of his wife, and is still in the "Democracy" ranks.

It is hard to ascertain how many Editors were bought up. Toward the last they increased so rapidly, however, that more Notes had to be issued.

The most notorious cases of purchased "DEMOCRACY" Editors, however, were the mail robber Smoot of Woodstock and Croxall of this city whether S. was actually condemed or was pardoned out of the penetentiary or smugled here without trial we could never find out though we knew the man well he was the best amongst them but all was kepted dark as mid night, he was EDITOR and Postmaster agreat "Benton Democracy man."

As for MR. CROXALL it is needless for us to repeat his story. it is familiar to every one in this city. How he was editing the "North American," in Washington and how he bore based upon the Globe and how disappeared suddenly and the next we heard of him he was at the head of a sham custom house in CAMDEN N. J. where no vessel was ever known to land at a salary of $1600, and the best house in Camden rent free, worth sixteen hundred dollars more. If Mr. Tyler has done worse than this. it is bad enough.

Who did this? The very same Messrs. Globe & Co who NOW say, in the same imperious tone that distinguished the orders of NERO, in dispatching his victims. "They voted against Mr. Cushing's nomination to the Treasury, because he expressly avowed it is purpose of bringing the Executive influence to bear upon the Presidential Election. They held it to be their sacred duty to withhold the control of the public treasure from the hands of a man who would make such use of it."

Meantime, we do not wish to be understood as giving countenance to one party more than another. the plan of prostituting the public treasure, which comes out of the people, to embarass the elective franchise, is tyranical and absurd. But we promised to see fair play.

But has the Globe gentlemen forgotten the enormous sums paid to the two Greens of Boston? on account of their paper-mills their blanks, paper, and twine, does Isaac Hill's contract exceed their people "who live in glass houses ought not to fling stones.

*Whether this power extended farther than to the Treasury, or to all the Departments, we cannot say—the Globe can tell. All we know is, that his word was the law—could be consulted upon any difficulty.

☞TO OUR READERS.☜

We beg leave to apologise to our readers for a most unaccountable oversight in the Tale furnished this week. Though a splendid thing, the tragedy is too deep for our taste, and too revolting to humanity.

A *Distiller Faithful unto Death.* A distiller of Rhode Island, in giving his dying charge to his son, said—

'Keep the distillery going—let it not stop when I die.'

'But, father, we shall stop it during the funeral,' said the son.

'No, my son keep it running'

A lame Spartan was ridiculed for going into battle with that impediment—"I intend to fight replied the Spartan not to run.

A NEW READING.—A Deacon not remarkable for good eye sight, once in giving out a Psalm. for the congregation to sing when he came to these lines,

'The Eastern sages shall come in
With messages of grace.'

but the audience into a roar of laughter. by calling out in a loud voice.

'The Eastern Stages shall come in,
With sausages and grease,'

☞Two of the Memphis journals, the 'Eagle' and the 'Enquirer' are battling furiously about the Comet; One will have it a "Comet," and the other hangs on the "Radical Light." Houston, of the Baton Rouge Gazette, announces his solemn conviction, that the appearance now in the heavens, is "a long streak of light." Hurra for Houston.

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER.

ON GOING TO SEA.

Wait ye winds 'till I repeat
The parting signal to the fleet,
Whose station is at home,
Then wait the sea-boy's simple prayer,
And let it oft be whispered there;
While other climes I roam.

Farewell to Father reverend hulk,
In spite of tonnage or of bulk,
His cable soon must s'ip,
And while the parting tear is moist
The flag of gratitude I hoist,
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to Mother—first-rate she—
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me fore and aft;
May Providence her timbers spare
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to Sister, lovely yacht,
But whether she'll be MANNED or not
I cannot now foresee;
May some KIND ship, a tender prove
Well found in store of truth and love,
And take her UNDER lee

Farewell to James, the jolly boat,
And all the little CRAFT afloat,
In home's delightful bay,
When they ARRIVE at sailing age,
May wisdom take the weatherguage,
And guide them on the way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main,
Perhaps we ne'er may meet again,
Through stress of stormy weather;
When summoned by the Board above,
We'll harbor in the Port of love,
And all be moored together. T. Y. P.

materials in the court yard for walling up the door of yonder cabinet'—and, drawing Rosalie and her lover aside. 'Listen Phillipe,' he continued—'you remain be here to-night, but to-morrow you will receive from me a passport which shall enable you to leave this place for some distant town in a foreign land, which I will indicate. To give you the sum of 6,000 francs for your journey, and you will remain ten year either in the town to which I shall direct you or in any other you may yourself select provided you continue in the country at which it is situated. But then you will proceed hence to Paris, where you will await my arrival—then I will insure you the possession of another 6,000 francs, to be paid you on your return from your expatriation provided you have strictly complied with my conditions. At this price, understand whatever you may be called upon to do this night must remain for ever secret. For you, Rosalie,' he continued, turning towards her as he spoke, 'I will settle 10,000 francs on you the day of your marriage with Phillipe—but—mark me—this promise is made on the sole condition of your marrying him.'

At this moment the comtesse's voice was heard calling to Rosalie, and the compte, turning away, proceeded quietly to pace the apartment, apparently watching the mason, but without allowing any indications of suspicion to be discernable. Phillipe, meanwhile, in pursuance of the task imposed on him, made a considerable degree of noise and seizing this chance of her voice portreaching the ears of the comte, who had just attained the further end of the chamber, the comtesse hurriedly addressed Rosalie, in a tone that was scarcely above a whisper, 'A hundred crowns yearly, for thy life, are thine,' she said, 'If thou canst only obtained one crevice,' then, pointing to the door of the oratory, which Phillipe had commenced building up with brick and plaster. Then in a louder voice, and with a fearful calmness, as her husband approached, she added, 'Go, Rosalie, to the assistance of Phillipe.'

The husband and wife, as by a sort of tacit agreement, remained mutually silent during the time employed in filling up the door way. This silence might have been assumed, on the part of the comte, to prevent the comtesse from having it in her power to convey a double meaning in her words while, on her side, it might have been pride or prudence, perhaps, which prevented her from breaking it. By this time, the wall being about half way completed, the artful mason, seizing his opportunity, when the compte's back was turned towards the scene of his operation, struck a blow on the door of the cabinet, which shattered one of the panes of glass. This action gave Madame de Merset to understand the success of the intelligence which subsisted between Rosalie and her lover; and casting a glance of intense anxiety towards the now darkened aperture, the mason, as well as herself, beheld within it the dark and handsome countenance of a man, whose intrepid look of courage and devotion fell upon her pale and guilty countenance. Ere her husband turned again in his walk, she had made a hasty sign to the stranger, which seemed to say—there is yet hope.

It was now daybreak—that is to say, about 4 o'clock, for it was the month of May—ere the construction was completed and the mason having been delivered to the care of Louis, the comte and comtesse retired to rest.

The next morning, on rising, the comte seized his hat, and making a step towards the door, said with the utmost appearance of indifference, he must go to the mayoralty for a passport. Then, suddenly turning back, as his eye chanced to rest upon the crucifix, he took it from the chimney piece and as he did so, a thrill of satisfaction passed through the bosom of the comtesse. —'He is going to Duvivier's,' she thought and will be the longer absent.'

Scarcely had he left the apartment, when she rang the bell violently, to summon Rosalie, and in a voice that was rendered fearful by excess of agitation, cried, 'To work! to work!' Then frantically seizing an iron-bar which Rosalie, by her direction, brought for the purpose, she commenced demolishing the yet undried work of Phillipe. Desperate were her efforts, in the hopes of being able to repair the destruction of the walled-up doorway before the dreaded return of the comte. Despair lent her energy, and a voice within, which penetrated to her sharpened and her nervous ear alone, encouraged her to proceed. Already a part of the brickwork had yielded, and she was in the act of applying a yet more vigorous blow for the removal of the remaining impediments, when the comte, pale and menacing, stood before her. She shrieked not, spoke not, but fell insensible on the floor.

'Place your lady on her bed,' M de Merset coldly said. The truth was, he had foreseen the probable result of his absence, and had accordingly laid a snare, into which his wretched wife had but too surely fallen. He had written mayor, and sent for Duvivier, who arrived just as the comtesse's apartment was again restored to order, and herself recovered from her swoon.

"Duvivier," said the comte, addressing the unconscious jeweller, did you receive this crucifix from one of the Spanish officers who passed through this town as prisoners of war, on their way to the frontier, a short time since?"

"I did not, Monsieur, nor have I ever seen it before," was the reply.

"Enough! I thank you," rejoined the comte, calmly restoring the relic to its former place; then, as the jeweller left the room, he desired Louis to see that his repasts were regularly served in the apartments of the countesse, who is too ill, continued he, "for me to think of leaving her till her health is in some degree re-established."

And for 15 days did the Count de Merset continue to keep watch over her. During the first six, a noise was heard from time to time in that closed up cabinet, which struck terror to the soul of the guilty woman; and horror and despair crept through her veins, but when she would have thrown herself at his feet, to implore for mercy and the stranger who was dying there, without allowing her to give utterance to the agonized prayer which rose to her parched lips, with a fierce and emphasis he checked her, saying, "You have sworn on that crucifix there is NO ONE there."

The Earthquake,

FROM THE PIC.

"POINTE-A-PITRE.—Accounts differ in relation to loss of life at the awful destruction of this place, but it is at any rate certain that at least three thousand souls perished, and, perhaps, two thousand more were maimed and wounded. Large gaps opened in the earth, spouting thick columns of water an hundred feet perpendicular into the air. But what made the scene still more terrific, was the fact that as the shocks were subsiding, conflagration broke out and spread among the ruins, whether from volcanic combustion or the overturning of stoves, is not known. The quaking of the earth lasted three minutes, and the whole place is now one broad mass of rusn!"—Barbadoes Paper.

A deep, strange stillness! such as on mid-ocean
Will sometimes in the summer's noonday fall
A calm? as tho' the very end of motion
Had left the sun's light smiling upon all,—
And all was voiceless, lifeless, 'neath the beam,
Like some conceiving of distempered dream?
Quickly a smothered thunder and a thrill—
A crash, a rush of wind, a sudden cry,—
Convulsive quivering of plain and hill,—
Wild recollection of the time to die—
A gaping open of the solid earth,
And the loud shock came bursting into birth!
Terror and death at once usurp the scene.
'Mid roar and crash and heart appalling cries,
While all just buried in repose serene
Into wild ruin and confusion flies.
Alarm, yet gasping to give horror breath,
Sinks into silence, swallowed up in death?
The solid earth rolls up like ocean waves—
Towers and steeples, totter to their fall,
And terror-stricken mortals find their graves,
Ere their lips open upon aid to call.
From falling walls the shrieking people fly,
Only to meet new danger and to die!
Another roar beneath the shuddering ground—
A louder shock appalling hearts and ears,
And smothering shrieks commingle with the sound,
As life is quenched along with human fears.
Mothers with children from their homesteads rushing,
Sink in broad clefts from whence the seas are gushing.
Three minutes? and three thousand souls are gone,
With scare a groan from all of light and life?
And ruin is the monumental stone
Over that scene of elemental strife!—
One graveyard vast, needing no sculpturee tomb
To tell how thousands there have met their doom?
But hark!—e'en yet new horror starts to view,
And swift destruction in the form of flame
Spreads wide among the ruins? while the few
yet left alive, each screaming out some name
That never more with answer, madly fly
From spot to spot, expecting still to die!
O hopless isle! thy buried tenants now
Outnumber those yet left in sorrow weeping,
But never more shall human anguish how
The hearts that are in earth's embraces sleeping.
Peace to the victims! till the trumpet sound
Shall with its final summons shake the ground,

PHARMA

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A New Enterprise.

By the former Editor of the Saturday.

Evening Post and Saturday Courier

Comprising the fruits of twenty years experience in the Newspaper business the, aid of the most distinguished newspaper writers of the day, a valuable Foreign Correspondence with troops of Literary friends and the determination to publish a Newspaper for all classes, which;

SHALL NOT BE SURPSSED.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY Museum of knowledge, news, and amusements,

A Family Newspaper, neutral in politics opposed to quackery and devoted to the useful Arts, Education, Morals, Health and Amusement.

The Tale, Sketches Narratives, Biographies, Essays, and Poems, shall be of the first order—the bet productions of the best writers of the day. Also, articles on History, Astronomy, Chemistry, and all the useful Arts and Sciences, with a liberal portion of light reading, anecdotes, wit and inmour, making a varied, rich mirth sparring Ohio.

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY MUSEUM.

SELECT AND ORIGINAL GEMS FROM.

Miss Leslie,	— Mr. Arthur,
Mrs. Sigourney,	— Mr. Irving,
Miss. Sedgwick,	— Mr. Cooper,
Mrs. Hale,	— Mr. Morris,
Mrs. Stephens,	— Mr. Chandler
Mrs Loud,	— Mr. Dr. Bird.
Miss H. Gould,	— &c. &c. &c.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

At an early period, will be announced the offer of One thousand dollars, which the Proprietors intend awarding premiums for the best Literary Production, Instructive Stories, Touching and Affecting Descriptions, Essays, Poems, &c., in order to enlist the strongest carry of the best Native Talent in favor of this great Literary Enterprise. It being, in fact, the determination of the proprietor, to leave nothing undone, and to spare no pains, exertions, or expense.

Every subscriber to this paper will receive a copy of Clarke's American Pocket Library, noticed below, without charge, thus rendering the Saturday Museum the most desirable, the most attractive, and the cheapest Family Newspaper that has ever been published in the United States.

TO AGENTS—TERMS COMMISSIONS &c. Any individual who will take the trouble to procure the names of his frinds, and remit the funds, will be entitled to the commissions which are at present, and will continue to be, until further notice, more liberal by far, than have yet been offered by any Newspaper of real character or merit. A commission of 70 cents will, for the present, be allowed to Agents upon each subscriber.

TERMS.—The Philadelphia Saturdan Museum is published every week at two dollars per annum, as usual, in advance, or 3 dollars at the end of the year.

For 20, dollars in current funds, 16 copies of the Newspaper, will be forwarded, securely packed, to any part of the United States. 3 copies for 5. Dollars. All orders and communications to be addressed, free of postage, to.

THOS. C. CLARKE & CO.
Saturday Museum,
No 101 Chestnut street, Philadelphia—

We shall be glad to exchange with newspaers that will oblige us by copying the above

GADSBY'S HOTEL.

WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., March —, 1843

In consequence of the great scarcity of money, the charge for board at this Hotel will be one dollar and fifty cents per day. The same price will be charged for board at the Ladies Ordinary. Liquors and wine of all sorts reduced to one-half the former rates.

The proprietor feels grateful for the liberal patronage he has received, and hopes by unceasing attention and low charges to meet the approbation of all who may honor him with their company.

WM. GADSBY, Proprietor.

THE HUMAN HAIR is warranted stand or restored, and the head kept free from Dandruff, by the genuine *Oldrige's Balm of Cotsabia.*

Remember the genuine as described below. This is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel. British Consuls Physicians and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold.

DARING FRAUD.—This article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have the name of L. COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesale and retail office No. 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

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A great variety of the most worthless trash for the hair has sprung upon the sale of this Orticle. This has stood the best 21 years, and rapidly increased in favor

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The greatest Newspaper enterprise of the Age!!

The proprietors of this time botocred and universally popular Family Newspaper announce, that in consequence of the unparalleled patronage which has been extended to their establishment, they will, on the 15th of March next, being the commencement of its XIIIth volume, issue the PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER &c.

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under this head we shall give Engraving of the distinguished Naval and Military Commanders, and other eminent individuals of our country, accompanied with interesting Biographies of them. They will be alternated with copies of gems of American and European Masters, to present our numerous readers with the best specimens of the Fine Arts,

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Mrs, S, J, Hale,	

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The forthcoming volumes of the Courier will contain more voluminousity than hitherto, original and selected tales, narratives, essys and Biographies, and articles in Literature, Science the Arts, Mechanics, Agriculture, Education, Music, News, Health, Amusement, and in fact, in every department usually discussed in a universal Family Newspaper, from such as writers,

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Jos, C, Neal,	Miss Ellen S, Rand
W, Gilmore Simms,	Maria Edgeworth,
Douglass Jerrold,	Geo, P, Morris,
N, P, Willis,	Hon Mrs, Norton,
Miss Sedwick,	Mrs, Gore,
Prof, A, D, Bache,	Robert Morris,
Wm, E, Burton,	J, R, Chandler,
Mrs, E, F, Ellet,	Dr, J, K, Mitche

WASHINGTON AND ALEXANDRIA

BOAT. passage 12½ cents—Freight as usual.

The steamboat Joseph Johnson, having resumed her trips on the above rout, will, untile further notice, depart as follows—

Leave Washingnon 6, 11, 2, and 4, Leave Alexandria 10, 12, 3, and 5, feb 22 23—d IGnatius allen, captain, steamboat phenix the navigation being now entirely free of ice, the steamboat phenix hos resumed her rout upon the following hours until further notice, viz.

Leave Alexandria at 8, 10½, 2, and 4 o'clock, Leave Washington at 8½, 11½, 3 and 5 o'clock, As soon as the weather becomes setled this boat will resume her regular trips to Georgetown at 12 o'clock.

feb 22d—Jr, Cap

HAGERSTOWN HOTEL.

The undersigned tenders his thanks to his friends, for the liberal patronage which he have extended to him, since he has been keeping the obove establisment, and respectfully informs them that he has leased the House for a number of years, and will continue to entertain those who call on him, in such a manner as to give entire satisfaction.

R. H. McILHENNY.

HAGERSTOWN HOTEL, north Potomac st, near the Public square.

notice in the daily walks of life, bnt what is here laid down familiarly illustrated. The object of tee compiler ea been to make his book a CEMPLETE VADE MECUM, and in this he has succeeded.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer & Courier:

A capital little volume, replete with information gleaned from a thousand sources, and of the most AUTHENTIC CHARACTER: The price (50 cents) is exceedingly seasonable;

From the Saturday Chronicle,

We have never seen a volume of the sam size embracing any thing like the quanity o useful matter: The work is really a treasure and should speedily find its way into every family.

Two editions have already been sold: For five dollars enclosed to the publisher, THOMAS C. CLARKE, fifteen copies, in flexible covers, will be securely packed and forwarded by mail to any part of the United States, or two copies for one dollar. Address, post-poid,

THOS. C. CLARK
101 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

PERSEVERANCE
COFFEE HOUSE.

THE subscriber having taken the PERSEVERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, formerly occupied by John Hancock, a few doors south of corner of 6th street and Pennsylvania Avenue, begs leave to inform the Public that his Bar is furnished with as good Spirituous Liquors, Wines, Porter, Ale and Cider, as in any other establishmeot in the city—and he intends keeping a constant supply of the best Oysters, cooked in every and for private families.

WILLIAM BENTER

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Of the class of Hypetrophy, including the forms of Scrofula, viz: Tubercula Consumption, Dyspepsia, Chronic Disease of the Liver of the Heart of the Spleen, of the Kidneys, of the Spine, White Swellings, Scrofulous Sore Eyes, Scald Head, King' Evil, Leucorrhœa, Chlorosis, Menorrhaga or Females complaints.

These are but different modifications of the same disease, arising from the same cause, distinguished by the same disagnosis, and curable by the same remedies. Their common cause is an irregulat action of the Electro-Galvanic forces in the system—they may all be detected by presure upon the sides of the vertebra and glands of the neck which elicits the Electro-magnetic remedies: The latter are accompanied by a compendious medical treatise, explaining the principles of the discovery upon which they are founded, stating the manner in which they are to be applied. In this work Dr. Sherwood demonstrates the fact that every part of the human body, together with every particle of animate and inanimate matter either in a negative or positive state of electro and thal every motion, in all matter, whether in the largest masses or in the smallest particles, is produced by the attracting and repelling force of the iversal principle. The moractiblio-n which produces disease of the organs or n bids seems to be occasioned by the undue preponderance of one of these forces in the system and his remedies restore health by subduing this irregular action to an equilibrium. By this cate ns the very seeds of the disease are eran masd, and a permanent cure effected, even d ecaes where all hope of relief from other sourcin is abandoned. The Electro-Magnetic remedies are the only preparations applicable to this prevailing class of diseases and they never disap2 point the confidence reposed in them these symptoms of the class of diseases to which they are applicable can be discovered, under the directions contained in the work whichaccompanies it, without the aid of a physician, and can be used with perfect safety and success without dieting orinconvenience.

es converted more sectaries to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever—and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the United States. It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid by putting down his name, to prevent so valuble a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will re haecember 10, 1843.

e geuts.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann uoBoston;—Henry Mc. Keon, Willings ley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon Utica tm;—Mr. T. Mathew McLeod Gaorge-An, D. C.—Mr. Peter Haynes Savennah-Ye—and the office of the U. S. Cathoti Mis-, Diany, Charleston, S. C.

It is known fact that this great controsyne

NEW GUIDE TO WASHINGTON.

By G. Watterston, Esq—The above work just published, with a frontispiece of the Statue of Washington by Greenough, and contains every thing relating to the history of Washington, and its progress and improvement since its origin to he citizen and stranger, and is a perfect guide to all its object of curiosity, and to every thing that a stranger would be desirous to make himself acquainted with, while a sojourner in it, or a resident abroad. It gives a true picture of Washington, though not a mere picture book—half its institutions, works of art, &c., are briefly but satisfactorily described. It sketches its usages customs, manners, and religious and moral tone of its society—public buildings, literary, social, and other institutions—its location, the condition of the legal and medical professions, its growth and character of its resident population—gives an abstract of its municipal regulations, civil and criminal courts—duties of the principal executive officers of the General Government, of the committees of Congress, and a great variety of useful, local, and general information which a resident as well as a stranger would be pleased to possess. Among the descriptions of the societies which have been organized in Washington, are two at considerable length, and of great interest—one, of the National Institution, and the other of the Society of Odd Fellows.

The work is printed in a neat and handsome style, of over 200 pages, and for sale at the book-store of R. FARNHAM, corner of 11th street and Pennsylvania avenue.

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CONTAINING one thousand Receipts, Direcions &c., for Agriculture and successful, Farming, Health, its preservation; the culture of Flowers, Silk, Sugar Beets, &c., treatmua Horses, of Birds, and Stock generally—Poultvay, Bees, &c. The management of the Hteeth and preservation of the Teeth, with instructions for the ladies in cooking, preservi lisoic lling—making ice creams, healthy drinospia. Atth Canals, Railroads, Phrenolo &me of hlding Elections, Qualifications of Vers, and oan immense amount of Politicak atistical, Geographical, and General Informgy n, relating to the General Government, anahe various States and Territories of the Unt aret—ifillnurns of census, populationa the last resources, &c. of each State—Girard's Will Washington's Farewell Address, Tables o Distances between all Cities, Gold and Silve Coins, and Weights and Measures of all Nations, Laws of Naturalization, Patent Rights nd the Constitution of the United States, ere, with the Amendments, &c.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

From United States Gazette.

There is scarcely a subject which comes into

NOTIC TO WESTERN TRAVELLERS.

Travellers are hereby notified they can procure seats for Wheeling and Pittsburg, by applyingato the conductors of the Washingto Railroud cars, which will entitle them to precedence apon their arrival at Hancock over al other way-passengers.

Passengers wishing to proceed direct to th West will take the morning train of cars from Washington at 6 o'clock for the Relay House where they can breakfast, and take the Western train for Hancock immediately afterwad.

For further information apply to S. STINIUS, Agent Balt. and Wash. Railra

$100 REWARD.
DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND.

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabets or difficulty in making water and all other unnatural discharges from uretha of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been known to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too, in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been takdn according to directions, return the emptstial and get back the money. Why then spend both time and money with such quacknostrums as cannot be depended upon: when a $1, you can purchase a pleasant sure and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance! One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the avenue—and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN'S LAIND AND FANCY SHOE STOR

Manufactured by James Jack.

The undersigned has opened a cheap and fashionable Shoe Store, on penn. Avenue, nearly opposite Brown's Hotel, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he will always keep on hand an assortment of Lady's and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes of the best manufacture and materials, and of the most fashionable style. Among which are.

MEN'S fine seal, Morocco, and calf boots	
Do grain, Calf and Kip welted,	do.
Do coarse thick	do.
Do Brogans and Monroe	do.
Do pumps and Calf	shoes.
BOYS Boots, Brogans, and dress shoes.	
LADIES AND MISSES fine Calf, Seal and Morocco walking	do.
Do Do fine Kid and Gaiters.	

All of which the undersigned will sell cheap Apply as above. JAMES H. BIRCH.

TO SUIT THE TIMES—TOBACCO CIGARS, SNUFE, WHOLESALE

AND RETAIL.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends, and the public enerally, but he has commenced the above business at No. 6. east of Gadsby's Hotel. Having an experience of four or five yeors, and a thorough practical knowledge of the manufacture of Tobocco in all its varieties, it may confidently be expected that he will keep constantly on hand the most excellent articles, (and at ncommon low prices too,) in the Tobacco line, imported into this country. He hopes, by a devotedness to his business, to meet with encouragement from a generous public, whom it will be his greatest, desire to please. He has now in store, and for sale, the following choice brands of Tobacco, Cigars, and Snuff;

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Regalia	Principe Pereya
Reformers	Principe Delgado
Imperial	Principe Mellin
Cazadores	Havana Legitimo
Rifle	Trabacos Superior
Industry	Canonas
Havana Laflor	La Nooma

Also Cigars of every variety extant.

CHEWING TOBACCO.

Bridges's Diamond Jesse Hare's sun cure
Russell & Robertsons Wright's
Holsey's Aold Chop Small Lump of v. bds.

SNUFFS.

President's Mixture	Rappee
Maccaboy	Natchitoches
Congress	Snuff Boxes of b. at

N. B. The undersigned will do business on the cash system, and consequently will be able to furnish goods at least 25 per cent. cheaper than any other establishment in the District. All goods sold by the subscriber as warranted can be returned if not found to be what s represented. W. H. WINTER.

JOSEPH NOCK.—(formerly of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Avenue, between 12th and 13th Streets, South side, next door to the Star Coffee House, Washington, D. C. Manufacturer of Patent Trunk, Pad and Other Locks, warranted Security of BRAMAS, and other improved Patents for Banks, Stores, Prisons, Dwelling Houses, with Safety Tumbler Night Latches, and small keys; Secret and Extra Locks, made to order, with the key carried in a Finger-ring, for small as well as for large front door locks.

N. B. Repairing in generel, not only o Locks, but Clocks, Musical and Mathematica Instruments, &c. Also, Polishing or Cleaning fine instruments or machinery of metal, will be neatly and promptly executed.

STEAMBOAT HOTEL.

The subscriber having taken the large and commodious Hotel on Seventh street, one door from the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue, facing Centre Market, formerly occupied by John Lloyd, Esq.

Of this long established house, for convenience and comfortable apartments, little need be said. The subscriber, also long known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords, prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants.

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

DEPOT HOUSE.

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAEL MCDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar and provided with good beds and stables.

NOTICE TO WESTERN TRAVELLER

FARE 2 dollars cheaper than any other line Frederick or Wheeling.

The Fredericktown stage leaves the office oprosite Gadsby's Hotel, daily, for Frederick and Wheeling. Passengers securing their seats at this place or in Baltimore, have a decided preference over all other passengers that steam it, for this reason.

The stage will leave Fredericktown daily on the arrival of the Western stages, and arrive at Washington in time to take all Southern routes, by this line the passengers will arrive at Winchester the same day.

The coaches and teams on this route are of the first quality, with skiltul and attentive drivers, and the proprietor pledges himself that every attention and accommodation will be given to the passengers who give this line their patronage.

feb 19 JOHN BROWN, Proprietor.

FRESH
GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at

J. F. CALLAN'S.

Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th street,

WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the followin-Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds, Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broccli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celer white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled, Kale for Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch and all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes—Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red and silve, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, and late, Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, preminum, Radishes, many sorts, Rhubar, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster—Spinage round and quickly—Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly he Dahlias, are of the most beautiful description, comprise all the varieties, and will be sold at the New York prices.

*** Orders from distance punctually attended to, and Seeds Roots, and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has taken the City Lunch, corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, formerly kept by John Handy jr. where he intends keeping all the delicacies of the season both in the eating and drinking away. Gentlemen will please and taste for themselves.

JOHN PURDON.

HELP TO PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.—Being a series of calculations, showing the quantity of paper required for any given number of signatures in bookwork, and the number of tokens embraced therein; carried out to an extent embracing the largest jobs. Also, containing similar tables for job work, bills, labels, duplicates of bookwork, &c. by Samuel N. Dickenson, 1 volume of 240 pages, price one 31dollar.i enty-fivecents.

TAYLOR.

MICHAEL McDERMOTT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, on Penn, avenue between Third and Four-and a-half streets, where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls, &c. made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage.